

LOVES

OF

Hero and Leander

FROM THE

G R E E K

OF

M U S Æ U S.

Musæum ante Omnes----

Paulo Majora canemus---Virgil.

By Mr. Sterling.

To which are Added, some New Translations
from various Greek Authors, viz. *Anacreon,*
Sappho, Julian, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus,
Homer.

By ***** Esq.

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THE
DEDICATION
TO
George Ogle, Esq;

SIR,

FROM my long Experience of your extensive good Nature, I presume to hope You may pardon This Publick Violence on your Modesty; especially, since I flatter my-self, that thro' the Series of our Acquaintance, and the Familiarities of an unconfin'd Conversation, with which You so frequently honour me in your retir'd Hours, I never dealt disingenuously with You before. If This is not enough; give me Leave to say, that even You are in some Measure accessary to the Liberty I have taken with your Name, by not only encouraging me to attempt a Translation of a Favourite Author; but by expressing your Approbation of it, when finish'd, — perhaps — too partially.

You now, too late, see the Consequence of your kind Advice; but it is no more in

Your Power to restrain yourself from doing
habitual good Offices; and from what You
believe may be of Service to your Friends;
than it wou'd be consistant with my Gratitude,
not to say, Vanity, to omit so just an Occa-
sion of acknowledging your repeated Favours,
(which You so multiply upon Me, that
Nothing cou'd save me from the greatest Con-
fusion in receiving, but your *Manner* of con-
ferring them) and of claiming your Protection
to a Performance, that owes it's Rise to You;
and is intended to give my Subscribers, es-
pecially the Ladies, some Opinion of my A-
bilities as a Translator, by presenting to them
in an *English* Dress, with some Acuracy, the
most *Admir'd* and *Courtly Remains* of Antiquity,
(which has received, as the best Recommen-
dation to Them, it's last Polish from your
kind, and judicious Corrections) in Hopes
They will again honour Me with their
Names to a Work of greater Length, and La-
bour; An entire Version of *Silius Italicus*;
undertaken likewise at your Desire; and in
which, You know, I have made some Pro-
gress.

I have often thought that there is as much
Vanity in the affected Brevity of our Present
Dedications, as there was Flattery in Former
Ones; and hope, since the Length of This
betrays me not into an Obloquy of the last
Sort, it may be the more easily excus'd.
Thus much, in Justice, I judg'd necessary to
say;

say; but as to what I might say, the World
has already anticipated all Encomiums, and
prevented the Sallies, which the Warmth of
the highest Gratitude, and Esteem might
otherwise lead me into, by it's conceiving
such early, and uncommon Hopes of a Young
Gentleman, of so generous, and yet so un-
fashionable a Turn of Thought; Who, con-
trary to the Taste of our Men of Mode, firmly
believes an old Greek Author is as edifying
as a modern *French Novel*; that *Musæus* has
given us the History of a memorable Amour
above two Thousand Years ago, with as much
of the true *Belle Esprit* as any of their Writers
of Gallantry; and that Learning, and Study
are not entirely unnecessary Qualifications
for a *Fine Gentleman*: And Who is as remark-
able for agreeably dividing his Time between
his Books, and Friends, as He is for his De-
licacy in the Choice of Both; if He had
not fail'd in *One* Instance, by allowing the
unmerited Honour of a Place, among the hap-
py Number of the *Last*, to his most

Faithful and Obliged

Humble Servant,

Ja. Sterling.

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T H E P R E F A C E.

IN the following Poem, my Subscribers are not to expect a *Literal Version* of *Musæus*; since having the *Authority*, and *Example* of all our best *Translators* on my side, and being advis'd by my *Friends* to put it in the same *Dress*, that I believed, the **AUTHOR** himself would do, if he were now living among Us, and oblig'd to render it into our *Language*; I thought I might safely deviate from the *Original* in some *Passages*, where I judg'd, the *Series* and *Climax* were not enough regarded; heighten and embellish a few *Images* that were faint and obscure; and soften others that appeared inelegant, and not consistent with the *Politeness* of the *Rest*, or at least not corresponding to the real or affected *Delicacy* of our *Modern Taste*. *Musæus* has here display'd the whole *Progress* of *Love*, thro' all it's *Stages*, with the greatest *Art*, in the most flowing *Numbers*, adorn'd with the happiest *Distichs*, *Sentiments*, and *Address*; Which shews he was no *Stranger* to that *Passion* he paines so well; and proves that *Humane Nature* was the same in all *Ages*. In his *Descriptions*, He wants not the *Tenderness* of *Ovid*, the *Fire* of *Homer*, nor the *Judgment* of *Virgil*; but his distinguishing *Character* (in which he excells them all) is a fine *Manner*, which every *Body* must be sensible of, and which is so hard to express in other *Terms*, tho' it must accompany *All*, who would be perfect in the *Art* of *Pleasuring*. If he sometimes gives us, what we call a *Coarse Idea*; perhaps he is mis-interpreted into a *Want* of *Decency*, by a *Faulty Refine*.

Refinement introduc'd among Us, who are less Influenc'd by Nature, (which was his Chief Guide) than servilely led by Custom. These few Exceptionable Places, I have endeavour'd to set in another Light; yet even There, and wherever else I have vary'd from him, due Care, Phoebe, has been taken to preserve the Original Air, as also to infuse his Spirit into so glowing a Work, and to copy not only his Turn of Expression, but his very Words, as near as possible, particularly in the Compound Epithets. I presume I shall be readily Pardon'd my Inserting Three Lines from the old Translation, as likewise Three more, from a Love Poem of Mr. Aaron Hill, (which he has borrow'd from Musæus) since I fairly own I cou'd not do equal Justice to my AUTHOR, and am conscious I have no where beside play'd the Plagiary. A few Literal Errors, and some in the Pointing, have escap'd the Press, which are too Obvious not to be supply'd by the Reader.

It being grown a general Mode to inveigh against Prefaces, I have nothing to plead for my Excuse in This, (since so inconsiderable a Performance cannot justify such an Impertinence) but that, to atone for all my Errors, I have Politickly subjoyn'd to my Own, some New, and Curious Translations from several Admir'd Greek Authors, and doubt not, but they will give a most agreeable Surprize to my Subscribers, who expected not to so Meritorious a Work of Super-Arrogation. They are the Composition of an Ingenious Young Gentleman, whose Tears are far surpass'd by his Wit, and Learning; and whose Modesty, and Humanity, are equal to Both. Besides the Honour I propos'd to my self, of appearing in Print, in the Company of a Man of his Rank, and Education; I had a more extensive View of Obliging the Publick, and believ'd these few Specimens (which are all that have fallen into my Hands) will awake a Curiosity in our Country too strong, and general, not to make a greater

greater Demand, and be a Means of introducing into the
World the Translations of Two Celebrated **AUTHORS**,
mentioned among Others in the Title; Anacreon, and
Bion; Both which, tho' finish'd, by him, only to enter-
tain his particular Friends under the strictest Ties of
Secrecy. Tho' I fear I shall incur his displeasure by this
Declaration, I think it my Duty to Oblige him, to pay
a Tribute he owes to his Country, and (as the **AUTHOR**
of the Dublin Journal has sometime ago hinted) shew
how much a Gentleman of Police Education, and Fortune
can succeed, beyond those unhappy Men, who write not
from Choice, but Necessity. As a farther Instance of
his Goodness to me, he has been at the Pains of Collec-
ting the following Accounts of Musæus, where, even in
so small a Sketch, the Reader must see some Marks of his
Learning and Judgment: Yet while he has been thus
anxious to recommend my Part in these Sheets, he
has entirely neglected to say any Thing of his Own,
being only prevail'd on, to suffer it to be made Publick,
by my assuring Him, it wou'd be of Service to me;
but as these Translations will be best supported by their
own Merit, being exact Copies of the Simplicity, and
Purity of their Originals, so all Eulogies wou'd be un-
necessary, especially since I have already Transgress'd
too far.

If notwithstanding what I have said, I shou'd draw
on me some severe Censure from our Adept's in
Greek, I leave Those Gentlemen, who Flatter'd me to a
Belief, I made no indiscreet Sallies, to answer All they
are pleas'd to object against me; and shall only say, I study'd
to be here rather Agreeable, than Scrupulously Exact,
since this Performance was chiefly intended for the
Entertainment of Ladies; being much more sollici-
tous to remove any hard Opinion from Those, who, on
Account of the Charge, they have plac'd under my Care,
have a more immediate Right to enquire into my Faults,

and who perhaps may think I might employ even my
Hours of Leisure, and Relaxation from the Publick
Business, I have undertaken, much better, than by Indul-
ging a petulant Genius in Levities of this Kind. To Such
who reprove my Conduct, I promise, (if this Resolution
in a Poet, may obtain Credit) never more to Trans-
gress, after I get out of the Publick's Debt by a tran-
slation of Silius Italicus; and now render my Thanks
to the Gentlemen, whose early Encouragement, and kind
Confidence in me have given me a Prospect from the
Education of Youth, too advantageous to be neglected
for the precarious Reputation or Profit, to which I shou'd
be ever able to intitle my self by my Writings.



T H E

THE LIFE OF MUSÆUS.

THE Reader of the *Poem of Hero and Leander* will naturally expect some Account of the Author of it. The Title it bears in the Original attributes it to *Musæus*; the ancient *Musæus*, as is suppos'd, that liv'd before *Homer*. And tho' some *Critics* deny it to be his, All seem to think it no way unworthy of him.

Musæus, was Son or Disciple at least to *Orpheus*, as *Strabo* and *Diodorus* inform us. A Disciple so strictly Observant of his Divine-Master, that he would not prefer his Claim at the *Pythian Games*, for the Prize decreed to such as should sing the best *Hymn* in Praise of *Apollo*, because *Orpheus* had declin'd that Honour before him.

For any other Particulars of his Life. He is generally thought to have been gifted with a double Inspiration; as they say of *Orpheus*: He is thought to have been a *Prophet*, as well as a *Poet*. *Strabo* is of this Opinion. And *Pausanias* adds in Testimony, that he himself had seen some of his *Prædilections*. For which Reason, perhaps he was held worthy to be admitted *Priest* of the Goddess *Ceres*; and to preside over the *Eleusinian Rites* at *Athens*. This is

certain ; he was esteem'd of so high Account, that *Hercules*, if we confide in the Authority of *Diogenes*, visited *Musæus* in his Travels, to be initiated by Him in those Sacred Mysteries.

One Thing more. There was at *Athens*, a certain Hill frequented by *Musæus*, where he us'd to sing his Verses, and where he was afterwards Interr'd. This Hill, which succeeding Ages embellish'd and fortified, was call'd *Musæum*. And gave Rise to that Word so much in Modern Use. Posterity, (the most candid Judge, of Merit) often carries it's Veneration for great Men, to the minutest Circumstances relating to Them. The Spot where our Old *Chaucer* lay'd his *Canterbury-Tales*, will never be forgot, no more, than the Tomb in which the *Mantuan-Bard* was Buried.

It was hinted above, that all *Criticks* do not admit the Poem of *Hero* and *Leander* for Authentick. I mean in Relation to the ancient *Musæus*. They perceive, or fancy they perceive in it, certain *Traits*, that betray a later Age. Nice Discerners ! who like their Brethren the *Medalists*, can assign it's different Date to every Piece that falls into their Hands, from the different kind of Rust it carries with it, when oftentimes the Error lies not so much in the fancy of the Poet, as in the judgment of the Critic.

But of all *Critical-Decisions*, That, pass upon this Poem, is surely the most Extraordinary. There is something in it, say the *Connoisseurs*, a certain Character of the Delicate and Polite, that distinguishes it sufficiently from the *Antique*. Were this Rule to take Place ; it is in the Power of any Man to decry the Antiquity of any Writer. Even *Homer* himself would come under the Class of *Modern-Poets*. Might it not be objected to the *Iliad* with equal Reason, that it is the Work of a later Date, because one of the finest Complements is to be found in it, that ever was given to Beauty. I mean, what the old *Sages* assembled

assembled upon the Walls of *Troy*, ~~overwhelm'd~~, as a certain learned Lady expresses it; with the Calamities of a long War, and assembled to debate upon Means to put an End to it; I say, what these old *Sages* exclaim upon sight of the Cause of it, *Helen!* who comes to view the Combat between her two *Husbands*, *Paris* and *Menelaus*, I will insert the Passage it self, as it is translated by Mr. *Pope*.

There sate the *Seniors* of the *Trojan* Race,
Old *Priam's* Chiefs, and most in *Priam's* Grace.
Chiefs! who no more in bloody Fights engage,
But Wise thro' Time, and Narrative with Age,
In Summer-Days, like *Grass-hoppers* rejoice,
A bloodless Race, that send a feeble Voice.
These, when the *Spartan* Queen approach'd the
In secret own'd resistless Beauty's Pow'r; (Tow'r,
They cry'd, no wonder such Celestial-Charms,
For nine long Years have set the World in Arms?
What winning Graces! what Majestick-Mien!
She moves a *Goddess*, and she looks a *Queen*!

Monsieur de la Motte, who has undertaken to mend the *Iliad*, could not improve this Complement of *Homer*. Upon the Whole. Admitting this Rule to take Place, tho' it destroys the Authority, it raises the Merit of the *Poem*. It is a sufficient Commendation of it, to say, that it is too Delicate, too Polite, to be Ancient, at least to us *Moderns*.

I would not be thought to insist, that this Piece is positively of the Ancient *Musans*. I believe it would be as difficult to demonstrate, That it is; as some find it to demonstrate that it is not. And as I never can acquiesce to the Vehemence of *Sealiger*, who af-

firms,

14
seems, that *Homer* has stolen from this *Poem*, many of his finest *Strokes*; so neither can I intirely submit to Those who avow; that many of the finest *Strokes* of this *Poem*, are stolen from the *Dionysiæ* of *Nonnus* an *Author*, who liv'd about the Fifth Century; because there are many Things in Each, that resemble the other. This at best, is to be Positive in Matter of Conjecture.

It may be urg'd, that *Causabon* in his Remarks upon *Diogenes Laertes*, assures us; that several learned Men, particularly *Gronovius* and *Leo Allarius*, have seen a *Manuscript*, which bore for Title *Moufaion tou Grammaticou ta cath Hero cai Leandron*. That is to say, the *Poem* of *Museus* the *Grammarian* upon *Hero* and *Leander*. But who is sure, that this very *Manuscript*, which runs against the Current of all other *Manuscripts*, must not owe that Title to the Ignorance of some later *Copist*? As to what *Pausanias* delivers as his Opinion, that the Performances attributed to *Museus*, are the Works of *Onomacritus*, tho' that would make this Piece tolerably Ancient; since *Onomacritus* flourish'd about the Time of *Pisistratus*, that is to say, near five hundred Years before *Christ*; yet so many *Apocryphal* Works are given to this *Onomacritus*, as occasion fresh Doubts, whether one Man could possibly have been *Author* of all.

There was something dopt above, of the Vehemence of *Scaliger*. This *Critic* not only upholds the *Poem* of *Hero* and *Leander*, to have been wrote by the Ancient *Museus*; but prefers it, upon Account of Excellence, as well as Antiquity, to the Works of *Homer* himself! This is too much his manner of Criticism. The Objects of his Praise (as it often happens to our Beauties) lose in the World's Opinion, that Commendation they deserve, by getting that Commendation they do not deserve. A Man
may

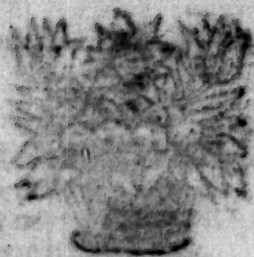
may say without Extravagance, that this *Poem* has
some Strokes of Delicacy in it, not inferior to others
of the same Nature in the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*. This
may be said without Outrage to *Homer*. But None
will bear to be told, that *Homer* has spoil'd the
Beauty of these Passages, by a mean Imitation!

Upon the Whole; it is of very little Consequence,
whether this Work be Genuine or not. A *Poem*
good in it self, as Mr. *Congreve* observes in the *Pre-
face* to his *Translation* of one of the *Hymns* of *Homer*,
attributed by some to the aforesaid *Onomacritus*; a
Poem, I say, good in it self, cannot really lose any
Thing of it's Value, tho' it should appear upon a
strict Inquiry, not to be the Work of so Eminent an
Author, as him, to whom it was first Imputed.



N A M E S

and the 21st of March in 1848. But I
 will have to be told that I have had a
 number of these things by a man I mention.
 I do not know; it is of very little consequence
 whether the W. is of course or not. A
 good deal of it is in the course of the
 year to his father of one of the years of 1848;
 it is not to be found to the present day; a
 man I do not know in it will come really late and
 living of it's kind that it would appear upon a
 first looking not to be the work of a Remond or
 another, as how to whom it was first imparted.



8-34-41

THE
LOVES
OF
HERO AND LEANDER
FROM THE
GREEK
OF
MUSÆUS.

SING, *Muse*, the conscious *Torch*; whose friendly
Light

Led the bold Youth, amid'st the Gloom of Night,
O'er devious Tracts of swelling Waves, to prove
The sweet-stol'n Pleasures of advent'rous Love :
Pleasures ! enhanc'd by Stealth ! unknown to Day,
And ne'er disclos'd by Morn's invidious Ray !

Sing the kind *Sestian* Maid, th' *amorous* d Boy,
 Their blissful Commerce, and the Scene of Joy!

Hark ! o'er the *Beach* the sounding *Surges* sweep !
 And, lo ! *Leander* plunges in the Deep !
 Behold ! the Joy-proclaiming *Lamp* above
 The Signal, Guide, and Harbinger of Love !
 Ambassadour, and Emblem of the Flame,
 Which warm'd fair *Hero*, the Night-wishing Dame !
 Herald of *Venus*, smiling from on High
 A pleasing Challenge to his distant Eye !
 Steer'd by whose Light he cuts his liquid Way,
 And hails the sparkling Substitute of Day !
 The Bride-adorning *Lamp* decreed to grace
 (For so should *Jove* Decree) the Radiant Space ;
 Amidst Cælestial, kindred *Orbs* to shine !
 For ever call'd the Love-propitious Sign !
 Never in gentle Offices remiss !
 Nocturnal Hand-maid of connubial Bliss !
 —O Never ! —'til rude Winds, and Storms profane
 Destroy'd the hallow'd Blaze, and plow'd the Main !

But, Goddess, Thou the plaintive Lay recite,
 The Lover drown'd, and Love's extinguish'd Light !

Where far-fam'd *Hell's* freighted Current Roars,
Between fair *Europe*, and the *Asian* Shores;
Two Towns rise Adverse, on the Neighb'ring Strands;
Abydos There, Here tow'ring *Sestos* stands;
Leander There, *Abydos'* boasted Son;
Bright *Hero* Here, the Star of *Sestos*, shone!

Their corresponding Charms the *Cyprian* Boy
Saw, and resolv'd to speed the fated Joy:
He saw, and straight his Bow intensely drew;
To either Coast the Love-ting'd Arrow flew:
The gen'rous Pair confess'd the mutual Smart,
The double Conquest of a single Dart!
Form'd for each other, blest with social Truth;
A Blooming Virgin, and a Gallant Youth!
He more than Man, in ev'ry Grace refin'd;
And She, the fairest of the fairer Kind!

But, Stranger, Thou, whom Fortune shall convey
O're the rough Channel to the *Thracian* Bay;
O feed thy Soul a while with soft Delight!
Lo! sadly-pleasing Objects court the Sight!
' Here stood the Tow'r, renown'd with *Hero's* Name!
' There hung aloft the Love-conducting Flame!
' Yonder the swimming Bride-groom met his Fate;
' Whom still, still, mourns the hoarse-resounding Streight!

Now, trace the dawning Passion in it's Flight,
It's rapid Progress, and *Meridian* Height !
Attend the Transports equal Love imparts,
The soft Transfusion of exchanging Hearts !

The beauteous *Hero*, blest with Gifts Divine,
The fair Descendant of a noble Line ;
With Awful Presence, and Majestick Mien,
The worthy *Priestess* of the *Paphian* Queen,
In Pride of Youth, disclaim'd the Bridal Rites,
And Bloom'd, unconscious of the soft Delights ;
O *Venus* ! 'gainst thy Son thy *Priestess* strove,
Nor duely learn'd the Mysteries of Love !
Studious of Life in Innocence, and Ease ;
Tho', born to Charm, she barely wish'd to please ;
And, in a Tow'r, a safe Retirement chose,
Which high above the neighb'ring Billows rose :
There a new Sea-born *Venus* she appear'd ;
The *Priestess* as the *Deity* rever'd !
Nor did the Semblance of the Mortal's Face
Th' Immortal's emulated Charms disgrace.

From her fond Parents tho' remov'd so far,
Yet free from Female Spleen, and talking War,
Content she lives. Her Hours serenely roll,
And Peace rewards her Purity of Soul :

Free from contagious Follies of her Sex ;
No Vices taint her Mind, nor Slanders vex :
She Scorns, self-happy in a Virtuous Fame,
(While whisp'ring Envy dares not vent her Name)
The nightly Dance, the leud unthinking Croud,
The gay Assemblies of the Vain, and Loud ;
Where various Ruin lurks in gilded Baits,
And ev'ry Woman ev'ry Woman hates ;
Where on the Best, the worst Reflections fall,
And Each wou'd arrogate the Charms of All.

The Shrine of *Venus* claim'd her constant Care,
In daily Sacrifice and grateful Pray'r ;
To *Cupid* too the Ministerial Maid,
To dreaded *Cupid*, sacred Honours pay'd ;
The God with vain Libations she rever'd ;
But well He knew the Worship'd, 'cause she fear'd ;
Vain were such Bribes against his fiery Dart !
He scorn'd a meaner Off'ring than her Heart.

The *Sestians* now the Solemn Feast Proclaim,
Sacred to *Venus* and *Adonis* Flame ;
To which, as Yearly-ancient Rites ordain,
Asssemble in due Pomp the Female Train ;
The charming Maids, who breath *Hæmonian* Air ;
The *Phrygian* Dames, and *Cyprus* tender Fair ;

With

With those, *Cythera's* spreading Walls contain'd ;
(Nor Youth, nor Maid within those Walls remain'd)
The *Quires* on *Liban's* splyc Summits ceas'd ;
Of *Liban* none were absent from the Feast ;
None of *Abydos*, or the neighb'ring Isles ;
Drawn from all Parts collected Beauty Smiles ;
With rival Charms at *Sestos* All convene,
Who boast the radiant Eye, and graceful Mien : —
Well may we guess, why Maids assemble there ;
Well may we guess, why thither Youths repair ;
In Crouds They come——but, not with bare Design
To pay sole Rev'rence to the Pow'rs Divine.

Above the Rest the beauteous *Priestess* shone ;
So Goddess-like, the Temple seem'd her own !
Her Heav'nly Form invades the raptur'd Sight,
With awful Wonder, and sublime Delight ,
While thro' the *Fans*, amidst th' adoring Throng,
With *Cytherian* Grace she moves along :
Around her Head diffusive Glories play,
Adorn the Festal, and improve the Day :
Mildly-benign, the lambent Lustre Streams ,
Serenly-bright as *Cynthia's* Silver Beams
Her Smiles correct the Rays, her Eyes employ,
As if like Heav'n, unwilling to destroy :

Her Cheeks of Bloom a Feild of Lillies show,
 VWhere interspers'd the blushing Roses blow :
 Her Neck, her Breast *Arabian Sweets* dispence,
 And like a flow'ry Meadow charm the Sense;
 Her shining Limbs, when 'e're disclos'd to View,
 Thro' purest *White* emit a crimson *Hue* ;
 And, while the polish'd Stones confess her Tread,
 On the smooth Surface shadowy Roses shed ;
 VWhere'ere she walks the rosy Tincture flows,
 And from beneath her stole the rich Reflection glows.

To Three the *Graces* were confin'd of Old,
 And doting *Bards* the lying *Legend* told ;
 But in her Charms unnumber'd *Graces* Reign
 And as Men gaze they multiply their Train :
 New-springing Beauties ev'ry Glance adorn ;
 An Infant *Grace* in ev'ry Motion's born ;
 A Thousand little *Loves*, with sportive Wiles,
 Bask in her Eyes, and revel in her Smiles !
 Imperial *Venus* seems to reign above,
 And give to *Earth* another Queen of Love !
 Goddess ! thy *Priestess* well deserves the Grace,
 Perfect of Mien, and Elegant of Face :
 Pity mistaken Mortals, that Transfer,
 Neglecting Thee, their *Oraisons* to Her ;

For while she bears thy delegated Name,
Thou'lt doubly Reign, Another, and the Same.

At Sight of Her, the coldest Bosom burn'd,
And young Desires to freezing Age return'd;
Her Charms dispenc'd pow'rful Influence round,
All gaz'd, nor gaz'd unconscious of a Wound;
From undesigning Smiles her Triumphs rise,
And Nations fall the Victims of her Eyes:
They sigh, they glow, they languish, they adore,
And Numbers Love, who never lov'd before;
All their Desires in one great VVish concur'd
Kind Heav'n! the blest *Monopoly* afford,
The sole Propriety of vast Delight,
And, Oh! (if possible!) a Bridegroom's Night!

Her ev'ry Gesture guides th' observant Train;
VVith her they move, with her they stop again;
Each Heart to the fair Tyrant Homage pays:
Each Eye by Sympathy her Eyes obeys:
Of all the passive Crowd she seems the *Soul*,
Directs each Part, and actuates the whole.
—Triumph'd the Virgin.—VVhile with Beauty fir'd,
Thus spoke some bolder Youth what Love inspir'd.

' The shining Maids, who grace *Laconian Coasts*,
The charming Daughters, proud *Mycene* boasts,

• Oft blest my wand'ring Eyes!—Excelling Maids!
 • VWhere Art, and Nature lend their mutual Aids!
 • VWhere haughty Rivals call forth ev'ry Charm,
 • And bright Contenders for soft Triumphs arm,
 • Ambitious Each to meet her lovely Foe,
 • Their flutt'ring Hearts with Emulation glow:
 • Each, conscious of Perfection, hopes Success
 • From Native Charms, and Harmony of Dress.
 • —These have I seen, with Rapture These beheld!
 • Yet now, Amaz'd, I see ev'n These excell'd!
 • (Ye Gods!) by Heav'n-born *Hero* all surpass'd;
 • Thus, tho' I judge Her, with a travail'd Taste!
 • In her own Radiant Form, and Air Divine,
 • One of the Graces sure attends this Shrine!
 • Still must I Gaze! such blended Charms unite,
 • As tire, not satisfy my aking Sight!
 • Close-folded in those naked Charms I'd wait
 • Impending Ruin, and absolve my Fate!
 • By instant Death (O! too luxuriant Thought!)
 • Cheaply believe the mighty Transport bought!
 • Pleas'd with the glorious Purchase yield my Breath,
 • And smile amidst the Agonies of Death!
 • —Or wou'd she now to Nuptial Joys incline,
 • Not wishing Gods shou'd change their Heav'n for mine

• Not *Jove*, with the Dominion of the Skies,
 • Bribe me, great *Hymen* ! to renounce thy Ties,
 • But if, O *Cytheræa*, 'tis deny'd
 • To gain th' obdurate *Priestess* for my Bride ;
 • Bestow, indulgent to my second Pray'r,
 • Another *Hero*, like thy *Hero*, fair !
 • Nor, *Cytheræa*, this Request deny ;
 • If Heav'n another *Hero* can supply !—

Thus He.—While Others, hopeless of Relief,
 In secret Sighs alone indulg'd their Grief ;

But Thee, *Leander*, nobler Thoughts inspire !
 —He scorn'd to languish in clandestine Fire ;
 Life without Love disdain'd ;—Yet wou'd not die,
 Like Cowards, for a Cure they dare not try.
 To see, to love, then meanly to Despair
 Prevents the Pity of the gen'rous Fair :
 Madmen, and dastard Fools their Pains conceal,
 VVhen They who gave the VVounds have Pow'r to
 But He at once to his bright Quarry Flew, (heal.
 Durst boldly hope, and what he hop'd pursue.

Still, and again He look'd, again Survey'd
 In Luxury of Charms the blooming Maid ;
 VVhile from Love's *Torch* fierce Fires collected rise,
 Burn in his Breast, and lighten in his Eyes :

The VVarring Passions, blown to Rage, begin
To Blaze, and make an *Anarchy* within :
His bounding Heart beats quick, his Eye Balls rowl,—
And wildly shew the Tumults of his Soul.

Ye timely-warn'd, unpractic'd Youths, beware,
And shun Destructive, lovely VVoman's Snare ;
Their baneful Splendour, and Inchanting Smiles,
VVhere Ruin in the Drefs of Heav'n beguiles !
From Beamy *Orbs* the pointed Mischief flies,
Lur'd by their Light the heedless Gazer dies !
—Th' unerring Glances of a spotless Maid,
Swifter than Feather'd Shafts, our Hearts Invade,
Her Eyes strike Ours, and the pernicious Blaze,
The gliding Poyson to our Hearts conveys !—

Awe, Shame, Amazement, with the pallid Train
Of Doubts and Fears, Now in his Bosom reign :
Love, Hope, Desire, alternate, now break forth,
VVith Boldness, conscious of an innate VVorth :
VVhile *Cupid* VVhispers to his secret Soul :—

' A brave Ambition ever scorns Controul ;
' 'Tis thus by my Eternal Laws Decreed :
' VVho greatly dare be happy, shall succeed.

Th' ignobler Passions now no more assail'd
His way'ring Mind, but all the God prevail'd !

With cautious Steps he makes a faint Advance,
 And steals obliquely an imperfect Glance:
 —She mark'd the Guilty-like Look; and straight He
 To lure her to an Intercourse of Eyes: (tries
 By slow Degrees, Near, and more near He Drew,
 His graceful Mien presenting to her View;
 (Lovers, indulgent to your selves, excuse
 The well-plan'd Stratagems that Lovers use)
 Pathetick Gestures soothingly implore,
 And win Attention to his silent Lore;
 No honest Blandishment of Love untry'd,
 Artful he shews What he affects to hide;
 The Supplication of a stiff'd Sigh;
 And the dumb Rhet'rick of a pleading Eye.

With Joy the blushing Maid his Passion found,
 Saw his Disorder, and approv'd the Wound;
 Absolv'd past Fortune for that smiling Hour,
 Which show'd her first the Compass of her Pow'r;
 Hail'd her Success, bless'd her triumphant Eyes,
 Rich in the Conquest of th' illustrious Prize!

Then first, bright Virgin, from *Leander's* Charms,
 Thy tender Heart perceiv'd Love's soft Alarms!
 —With gradual Stealth, she rais'd, as if by Chance,
 Her down-cast Eyes, and shot a side-long Glance;

A Look, so languishingly-kind, she sent,
As more than spoke the tender Things she meant !
Straight seiz'd with shame—blushing, she turn'd aside,
Half hid her Face, or wou'd be thought to hide !

The raptur'd Lover saw the thin Disguise :
(VWhat can escape a Lover's peircing Eyes ?)
Saw the Success his boldest Thoughts prevent,
And read in feign'd Reluctance kind Consent.

Now his flush'd Hopes high as his VVishes flew,
Gay-flatt'ring Scenes his forming Fancy drew !
But forc'd to wait the slow Approach of Night,
He curs'd the Sun, and intervening Light ;
Sigh'd for the kind Occasion to declare
His ardent Passion in persuasive Pray'r ;
Impatient to behold Love's Planet rise,
And Silver *Hesper* bless th' auspicious Skies ;
To meet the melting Maid, without Controul,
And pour forth all the Fondness of his Soul.

For when the Night her sable Veil has spread,
(The prying Sun lodg'd in his war'ry Bed)
Those golden Hours indulgent Gods allow
To win the Felt, and breath the tender Vow :
Ye envious Spies, disturb not that blest Time ;
For Maids may ~~then~~ then without a Crime.

At Length he saw the Love-oblidging Star
And sober Night fixt in her sable Car :
Th' embold'ning Shades drove awkward Fear away
And left cold Shame, and Modesty to Day !

With due Respect, and yet a dauntless Air,
(Decent Assurance !) He approach'd the Fair ;
Seiz'd her soft Hand, the moulded Fingers press'd,
While Sighs deep-lab'ring heav'd his inmost Breast :
In Act to speak — But Rapture ty'd his Tongue ;
And Words wou'd then the big Ideas wrong.

Ill cou'd the Maid the warm Address withstand,
Yet with fictitious Scorn withdrew her Hand ;
Half taught her Face for once to wear a Frown ;
And chid his Boldness with her Looks alone ;
——As if Resentment, and a Virtuous Pride
Words to chastise such Insolence deny'd ! ——
But the bold Youth, not now to be restrain'd,
(Her Manner of dissembling shou'd she feign'd)
Seiz'd her rich Robe, while Beauty fir'd his Thought,
Her sacred Robe, with mystick Figures wrought,
And with a pleasing Violence convey'd
The half-reluctant, half-consenting Maid,
Thro' the *Fane's* rev'rend *Isles*, and holy *Gloom*,
To the last dark Recesses of the *Dome*,

Slow

Slow with unequal Steps the destin'd Bride;
 Gently compell'd, follow'd her eager Guide;
 'Till thus, with seeming Indignation fraught,
 She spoke in Threats, repugnant to her Thought.

' Presumptuous Stranger! Arrogant, and Vain!
 ' VVhat Vapours taint, what Frenzy fires your Brain?
 ' VVho ever heard of an Attempt so bold?
 ' O whither wou'd you lead?—forego your Hold——
 ' Hence fly—forbear, rash Man!—begone, and live,
 ' Or hear th' Alarms a Virgin's Cries shall give!
 ' Unhand me—Fly—forbear, rash Man!—begone!
 ' Hop'ft thou to find a Maid so quickly won?
 ' Affront a *Priestess* at the sacred *Shrine*!
 ' Hence—shun my pow'rful Father's Rage, and Mine,—
 ' —My Father shall—but Vengeance best belongs
 ' To *Venus*?—*Venus* shall revenge my VVrongs!—
 Of sweet Compulsion thus the Fair complains,
 VVith broken Accents, and in Female Strains,
 But well *Leander* knew the Virgin-Art,
 And found her Tongue at Variance with her Heart.

VVhat tho' at first she treat Him with Neglect?
 —'Tis but what Maids must do, and Men expect——
 The Youths, who persevere, at last shall find
 A sure Reward from all the Gentle *Kind*:

—Threaten They may—but let Experience prove,
 No Passion's permanent in Them—but Love—
 And fixt as Fate, VVe know it is decreed
 That Love to Threat'nings ever shall succeed:
 Thus *Hero* for a while maintain'd the Feild,
 Only that with more Honour she might yeild!—

Now flusht with Joy, He darts into her Arms,
 And in a Rage of Love invades her Charms;
 Convulsive strain'd Her to his panting Breast,
 And on her Neck a burning Kiss impress'd;
 (Her Snow-white Neck!) Fainting, Infranc'd he lay
 And on her fragrant Bosom died away!
 'Til in a Burst of Sighs, extatick, broke
 His Vented Thoughts, and with returning Life he spoke!

' Thou *Pallas*, hear! Thou *Venus*, speed my Pray'r!
 ' Thou wise next *Pallas*! Thou next *Venus* fair!
 ' For sure that VVisdom, this *Celestial* Face
 ' Proclaim Thee sprung from more than Mortal Race.
 ' *Aetherial* Maid, worthy to shine above
 ' Among the Daughters of *Saturnian Jove*!
 ' O while such Charms the bold Idea raise,
 ' Think not my Tongue too lavish in thy Praise!
 ' VVhile yet you stay to bless these low Abodes,
 ' Nor soar to Native Skies, and kindred Gods;

- ‘ O be some Pity to thy Suppliant giv’n !
- ‘ Pity ! the glorious Attribute of Heav’n !
- ‘ —But yet, if only these fixt Eyes behold
- ‘ A Present Deity of Mortal Mold ;
- ‘ Give me due VVords thy tender Soul to warm ;
- ‘ (Thy Soul, responsive to so bright a Form !)
- ‘ Blest be thy Sire, who blest by Thee the Earth !
- ‘ And doubly blest be She, who gave Thee Birth !
- ‘ —I plead not only mine, but *Venus*’ Cause ;
- ‘ As *Venus*’ Priestesses yeild to *Venus*’ Laws :
- ‘ Beware lest a false VVorship you pursue !
- ‘ O ! be the Priestesses of her Pleasures too !
- ‘ Cold in your Zeal, a Novice in your Art,
- ‘ As yet you know your Duty, but in Part ;
- ‘ Neglecting the most pleasing, solemn Rites ;
- ‘ Tho’ Nature dictates, and tho’ Youth invites !
- ‘ Before this *Altar* Maids profanely stand ;
- ‘ No Off’ring’s grateful from a Virgin-Hand !
- ‘ From the Rich Gum in vain yon Odours rise ;
- ‘ The spicy Vapour smoulders in the Skies !
- ‘ Injurious to the Worship you profess——
- ‘ Thus says your *Law* ——Omitting, you transgress !
- ‘ Quick then, atone the Sin——repent, in Time——
- ‘ For, know, mistaken Virtue is your Crime :

The mighty Queen prepositorously you serve,
 Confess her Pow'r, but from her Precepts swerve,
Joys and the Genial Bed! —are *Those* so hard?

—How wou'd it sound to be from *Those* debar'd?

O let her own Divine Example move,

And by her Mandate tune your Soul to Love!

There only her Divinity consists —

—Take Love away, and she no more exists! —

Teach me thus low, and grov'ling at your Feet;

Instruct your Slave such wondrous Charms to greet!

Your Slave! —O check not my Ambitious Flame!

And let me add a Husband's dearer Name! —

Come, Potent God, whose Dart these Sighs avow,

Come justify my bold Pretentions now!

In my Appeal I urge thy strong Decree,

Assist a Wretch, first made a Wretch by Thee!

—*Hermes*, who rais'd his Hopes, in Justice led

Alcides to the charming *Lydian's* * *Bed* —

* *Omphale.*

Hermes, and *Venus* too my suit approve:

Then where art Thou, superiour God of Love?

Each are alike concern'd, our Cause the same;

—Assert thy Pow'r, and vindicate my Claim.

But think, Thou cruel *Fair*, nor think too late,

Of rash *Arcadian Atalanta's* Fate!

' Who reel'd her Bosom 'gainst the *Gallant Boy*,
 ' Deaf, and relentless to the proffer'd Joy ;
 ' 'Til, doom'd by pitying Gods like Him to bear
 ' The Pangs of slighted Love, and black Despair ;
 ' She woo'd despis'd *Milanon* in her Turn,
 ' And long, long felt the Youth's alternate Scorn :
 ' —Hence, by Example, I conjure you, shun
 ' The Wrath of *Venus*, and her vengeful *Son*.

Such pow'rful Words, with such persuasive Art
 Disarm her Pride, and sooth her melting Heart ;
 A wand'ring Blush vermilions o're her Cheeks
 That glow with soft Forebodings, as He speaks.
 Her modest Eyes, still fixt upon the Ground,
 Confess'd the young Desire, and pleasing VVould ;
 Involuntary Sighs, a fault'ring Pace,
 Her ev'ry Action with disorder'd Grace,
 Her Robe, thrown o're her Head to veil her Shame,
 All These th' Emotions of her Heart proclaim ;
 VVhile speaking Silence ev'ry Thought betray'd.
 Silence ! sure Sign of a consenting Maid !
 Love and *Leander* all her Soul possess'd,
 And new-born VVilhes struggl'd in her Breast !
 Nor less her Beauties fir'd the furious Boy,
 VVild with Desire, and trembling to enjoy !

(30)
His Eyes with Rapture wander o're her Charms,
Her Love-form'd VVaiſt, and taper-polish'd Arms,
Her heaving Breasts, (ineffable Delight !)

Dear to the Touch, and tempting to the Sight !

'Twas Heav'n to gueſs, by Thoſe that were reveal'd,
VVhat ſacred Charms her decent *Stole* conceal'd !

—— At length with Looks, to threaten, and beſeech,
As Bluſhes gave her Leave, ſhe found her Speech ;
And, by a thouſand tender Feats oppreſt,
VVith trembling Lips theſe charming Sounds address'd.

' Stranger ! thy VVords (VVords to theſe Ears unkown !)

' Might ſoften Rocks, and melt impaſſive Stone !

' O ſay ! who taught thy all-ſeducing Tongue

' Love's various Magick in a ſyren's Song ?

' Alas ! wild VVand'rer, why did'ſt thou explore,

' Far from thy Native Home this fatal Shore,

' To wound my Peace by thy enchanting Strain ?

' Enchanting All ! yet All thou ſpeak'ſt is vain !

' To Thee, dear *Libertine*, thus us'd to rove,

' To Thee ſhall I reſign my Virgin-Love ?

' Conſent at once ! O haſty Choice ! O Shame !

' Ev'n Thou in ſecret woud'ſt my Conduct blame ! —

' Yet ſhou'd I fondly yeild ! — VVhat Bars oppoſe

' A lawful Union ? — VVhat ſucceeding VVoices ? —

' Ne'er

' Ne'er shou'd I gain my rigid Parents' Voice
 ' To hail our Bliss, and sanctify my Choice.——
 ' Hop'st Thou unmark'd at *Sestos* to remain?——
 ' Slander will find thee, and Disguise is vain——
 ' How wou'd licentious Tongues divulge my Shame,
 ' And *Envy* wanton on my murder'd Fame!
 ' Her buify Eye Love's last Recess invades,
 ' Tho' lodg'd in Desarts, tho' conceal'd in Shades;
 ' And 'mong thy loose malignant Sex, how Few
 ' But boast of Favours, which they never knew?
 ' Yet e're we part, illustrious *Stranger*, tell
 ' Thy Name, and Country;—Minethou know'st too well!

' In Yon sequester'd Tow'r, that mates the Clouds,
 ' It's Basis lav'd by ever-murm'ring Floods.
 ' I live; I reign in solitary State,
 ' Free from the Tumults that anoy the Great:
 ' Disturb'd by Nought but my fond Parents Fear;
 ' VVith one kind Maid my lonely Hours to cheer:
 ' No Youths and Virgins joyn the spritely Quoir,
 ' No wanton Notes the sportive Dance inspire,
 ' No Musick There salutes our dreary Shore,
 ' But Tempests rage, and VVaves eternal roar.

She spoke—again her Face with Blushes glows;
 New nameless Charms from her Confusion rose:

In vain beneath the friendly Vell she tries
 To hide th' all-piercing Radiance of her Eyes ;
 Fain wou'd recall her VVords——abash'd, afraid,
 And wonders at th' Advances which she made.

VVhelm'd with the great Success th' exulting Boy
 Scarce cou'd sustain the Tide of rushing Joy ;
 'Til, wak'd by Reason from his golden Dream,
 He plans substantial Bliss, and forms the wily Scheme.

Cupid, indulgent to a faithful Slave ;
 Prescribes the Balm to heal the VVounds he gave ;
 A sure Physician in th' important Hour,
 If Patients humbly supplicate his Pow'r ;
 And thus th' inspiring God his Aid affords,
 Thus prompts his Vot'ry with these artful VVords:

‘ Charmer ! for Thee what Hazards wou'd I run !
 ‘ Not Seas of Fire, nor thund’ring Tempests shun !
 ‘ To call those Heav’nly Beauties mine, I’d brave
 ‘ The huge Tenth Surge, and mount the blazing VVave
 ‘ Danger shou’d lose it’s Name for such a Prize ;
 ‘ And Horror smile delightful to my Eyes !

‘ Me from thy Arms with interposing Tides
 ‘ In vain the rapid *Hellepont* divides ;

' If from thy Tow'r there shines some friendly Light
 ' To guide my Passage and direct my Sight;
 ' I'll stem the Current to thy dear Embrace;
 ' (Hence, know, *Abydos* is my Native Place)
 ' Nightly and ev'ry Night conducted o're
 ' By thy kind Signal reach the happy Shore;
 ' Then panting, Shiv'ring seek thy circling Arms
 ' And with new Vigour clasp th' enlivening Charms!
 ' 'Tis Thine to hang the *Pilot-Lamp* above
 ' And I my self will be the Bark of Love;
 ' Bound to the golden Port, and sunny Climes
 ' VVhere in rich Mines exhaustless Ore sublimes!
 ' Let Storms rage loud, and Seas impetuous rowl,
 ' Let dull *Boötes* only gild the Pole;
 ' Steer'd by my better Star I shall disdain
 ' Faithless *Orion*, and the Northern *Wain*,
 ' —But gentle Maid, when you the *Torch* extend;
 ' Think on your Care my Life and Love depend:
 ' Shou'd boist'rous Winds destroy th' important Light;
 ' I too must sink in everlasting Night:
 ' If now impatient you require my Name;
 ' —Behold *Leander*! —not unknown to Fame——
 ' By smiling Fortune from *Abydos* led
 ' To share bright *Sestian Hero's* spotless Bed.

Straight the fond Pair kindly resolv'd to taste
Nocturnal Sweets, and *Venus*' rich Repast ;
 She to expose on High Love's blazing Guide,
 And boldly He to stem the swelling Tide.
 But while They meditate the Nuptial Bands
 With interchanging Hearts, and plighted Hands
 And while in soft Endearments they employ
 Their glowing Thoughts on well-concerted Joy ;
 Amaz'd they found Night's Shades were near withdrawn,
 Nor durst they in the Temple wait the Dawn ;
 But, breaking from each other's Arms with speed,
 The next to be happy Night agreed.
 Reluctant to her Tow'r the *Priestess* flew,
 And He the long-winding Shore withdrew ;
 There careful mark'd the Rocks, and destin'd Strand,
 Then launch'd to Sea, and reach'd *Abydos*' Land.

What Pangs to wishing Lovers Absence brings
 The lazy Minutes move on leaden Wings !
 With Curses they devote the hated Light,
 With Sighs invoke the Bed-adorning Night.

At length the blest appointed Hour draws nigh,
 And the returning Shades involve the Sky :
 A Death-like silence o're aw'd Nature reigns,
 And downy Sleep extends his silken Chains ;

—*Leander* only wakes—stern Love denies
Peace to his Thoughts, and Slumber to his Eyes;
On the bleak Shore he waits th' expected Sign,
Impatient to behold Love's Herald shine.

True to her Promise, *Hero* soon displays
The Torch, that distant darts it's glimm'ring Rays;
Straight with retorted Fire his Bosom burn'd,
And Flame for Flame his sparkling Eyes return'd.
But when he saw the foamy-threatning Flood,
A while irresolute in Thought he stood;
Yet, purpos'd to fulfil Love's mighty Laws,
He cou'd not, durst not fear in such a Cause;
Tho' warring Elements conspir'd his Doom;
Black Storms, tost Seas, and Night's tremendous Gloom.
' *Hero*! bright *Hero's* my Reward! he cries!
' At her lov'd Name each Fear-form'd Monster flies!
' Is there to doubt?—Then why that Coward-Start?
' —But, hence!—'tis past!—Now, answer, O my Heart,
' Which woud'st thou chuse—when Fate is in Extreams—
' By Seas to perish, or intestine Flames?

' 'Tis Thine, O sea-born *Venus*, to controul
' The wat'ry Waste, where Waves terrifick rowl!
' Sprung from the Main, 'tis Thine to smoothe the Tide!
' But chiefly Thine o're Lovers to preside!

' Me then, O Queen, to thy Protection take,
' And save *Leander* for thy *Hero's* sake !

Thus the brave Youth——and sudden disarray'd,
Circles his silken Robe around his Head ;
Naked, with manly Beauties, springs from Shore,
(His Eyes still fixt on the Light-bearing Tow'r)
Bounds o're the Billows, and with sinewy Limbs
(Himself at once both Ship and Pilot) swims.

Meantime on High the watchful Maid extends,
And from inclement Winds the *Torch* defends ;
Screen'd by her Robe from ev'ry direful Blast,
'Til the tir'd Loyer reach'd the Shore at last.

Scarce his wet Limbs his length'ning Robe infolds,
When *Hero*, Love-wing'd *Hero* he beholds :
To his extended Arms she ran, she flew,
Twin'd round his Neck, and to his Bosom grew ;
Thro' his cold Lips infus'd her balmy Breath,
Clasp'd Him, as rescu'd from devouring Death ;
Warm'd Him to Life, with speechless Transports fill'd
While yet his Hair with briny Foam distil'd.
—The panting Boy reclin'd upon her Breast,
With Labours past and present Joys oppress'd ;
Whom straight his lovely kind Conductress led,
And decent lodg'd on the chaste Genial Bed !

There, in her inmost Chamber, as he lay,
Blushing she wipes the trickling Drops away ;
VVith *Cytherean* Odours scents the Room,
To raise his Spirits with the rich Perfume, —
Chafes the num'd Limbs, and baths, in fragrant Oil,
The Sinews, stiffen'd with the wat'ry Toil.

Beyond the cheering *Incense* he inhales,
The thrilling Touch of her soft Hand prevails ;
He feels each Pulse with active Vigour beat,
And his big Heart bound with reviving Heat.

But now let Fancy paint, and Lovers guess
VVhat Thought-suspending Rapture can't express ! —
Great *Juno*, come ! — for, lo ! th' expecting Bride
In loose Attire lies trembling by his Side !
Behold, her circling Arms intwine his VVaisite !
VVhile Thus she speaks, embracing and embrac'd.

For me, brave Youth ! could'st thou for me sustain
Herculean Dangers on the stormy Main ?
No story'd Lover ever dar'd, like Thee,
And sure no Maid was ever blest, like Me !
O'twas too much ! — but here securely rest,
Forget thy Toils, here, on this faithful Breast. —

- So much oblig'd!—what can thy *Hero* say?
- —Accept what Virgin-gratitude can pay.

With tender Sighs and a kind murm'ring Moan,
She ceas'd. —The Youth unloos'd her Mystic Zone.
Swift, as the winged Messenger of Jove,
He darts —He grasps Her in a storm of Love,
O're all her Charms he roves without Controul;
Her Charms! that kindle Body into Soul!
At their join'd Lips they feel their bounding Hearts,
In Pangs of Rapture, and convulsive Starts;
And while the mutual Transports they receive,
The Age of Gods in one blest moment live!

—Ne'er were thy sacred Rites obey'd so well,
O *Venus*! never with so true a Zeal!

What tho' no formal Pomp precedes their Joys?
They reap the solid Bliss without the Noise!
No chaunting Bard the Marriage-feast prolongs
With ceremonial Hymns, and tedious Songs!
In solemn State no dull Processions move;
Their Nuptial Banquet is a Feast of Love:
To hail the Day no buisy Guests advance,
Nor with soft Musick lead th' officious Dance:
The Bridal Torch here no glad Mother brings;
No Father here the *Hymenean* sings!

But

No morning Ray the stol'n Delight invades,
 Conceal'd in Darkness, and propitious Shades!
 But Night and silence their kind Influence shed,
 Brood o're their Joys and consecrate the Bed!

Reluctant now, e'er *Phæbus* streak'd the East,
 Unsated with the Night's luxuriant Feast,
 The gen'rous Youth arose; compel'd to shun
 The prying *Sestians*, and elude the Sun;
 Cheer'd with new Hopes, new Vows the fighting Fair,
 And to *Abydos* swam with timely Care,
 Warmly reflecting midst the billowy Foam
 On Pleasures past, and mighty Joys to come.

(*Dame*,
 Thoughts sweet as Those employ'd the Beauteous
 Who, tho' a Maid no more, preserv'd the Name;
 Her Virgin-Look the conscious Wife bely'd;
 By Day a Virgin, and by Night a Bride!

Soon the fond Pair the Fights of Love renew'd,
 Happy a while the leading God pursu'd;
 For the soft Combat ev'ry Night they meet,
 And Both triumphant ev'ry Morn retreat,

But Ah! of Human Bliss how short the Date,
 How sudden the remorseless Stroke of Fate!

Expect a Change when Joys are in Extreame;
 Tranſient they come, and paſs like fleeting Dreams;
 To cloſe the dreadful Scene the gentle Muſe
 With Tears her Task unwillingly purſues !

Now hoary Winter ſtalks in fullen State ;
 On either Hand his dire Attendants wait ;
 Th' Deluge-threat'ning Cloud, and driving Storm,
 To rend the Air and Nature's Face deform :
 No Summer-Suns, nor Vernal Breezes cheer
 Th' inverted Seafon, and the blaſted Year ;
 But furious VVhirlwinds with a circling ſweep
 In horrid Eddies heave the tortur'd Deep :
 Th' unſtable Sands from the torn Bottom riſe,
 On the vext Surphace boil, and daſh the Skies :
 In the ſtrong Conflict Earth's Foundations rock,
 And Neptune's Palace feels the central ſhock :
 The practic'd Mariner, inur'd to bear
 Winds, Waves, and Storms, and all the liquid War ;
 Now ſteers to Shore from the devouring Main,
 And to preſerve his Life foregoes his Gain.

Not Winds, nor VVaves, intrepid Youth controul
 The gallant Purpoſe of thy ſtedfaſt Soul !
 For, by unhappy blameleſs Hero rear'd,
 Soon as the now-perfidious Torch appear'd,

Thou temp'rt the Seas—lur'd to the known Delight!
 —Ah! No! betray'd to Shades of *Stygian* Night!
 —Yet wait, rash Fair, a more propitious Time
 Think too much Love may sometimes be a Crime!

But, Thou, curst faithless Guide, be doom'd to prove
 The *Torch* of Furies, not the *Lamp* of Love!
 Sepulchral Flame! at Funerals only shine,
 For ever-call'd the Death-denouncing Sign!
 O had the Fair, by eager passion sway'd,
 A while the fatal Call of Love delay'd,
 Had she deferr'd the dear destructive Joy,
 Nor to the wint'ry Storm expos'd the Boy;
 Soon gentler Seasons——But the tender Muse
 The VWoman, and the Lover can excuse!
 Hard Fate o're rul'd, and quickly she'll atone
 The Death of drown'd *Leander* by her own!

Pregnant with Horrors, and the Lover's Doom,
 Slow mov'd the guilty Night in tenfold Gloom;
 VVhile, lo! superiour, like a Seaborn-God,
 Th' audacious Youth on rolling Mountains rode;
 Now VVaves on VVaves accumulated roar
 Insult the Clouds, and tumble to the Shore;
 Earth, Seas, and Skies are in confusion hurl'd,
 And complicated Ruin threatens the VWorld,

VVith adverse Blasts impetuous VVinds engage,
 And strive for Empire with Sonorous Rage:
 Mad *Boreas* from the Caverns of the *North*
 To meet the *Southern Tyrant* issues forth;
 VVhile arbitrary *Eurus*' lawless Might
 Bears down mild *Zephir* in th' unequal Fight.

Tir'd with vain Toil, scar'd with each dreadful Blast,
Leander's Strength, and Courage fail'd at last:
 Long bravely obstinate for Love, and Life,
 Long the brave Youth maintain'd the doubtful strife
 With VVinds, and VVaves; 'til prest by mighty Odds,
 A Mortal's Strength yields to the Pow'r of Gods.

To Beauty's Queen, descended from the Main,
 Panting He prays, but panting prays in Vain!
 Next, as he cleaves the Surge with fainter strokes,
 VVith fainter Voice great *Neptune's* Aid invokes!
 And now, but hardly now supply'd with Breath,
 VVhile ev'ry Gasp imbibes the watry Death,
 To *Boreas*, once a Lover, sighs his Pray'r,
 To help a Lover in the last Despair!
 Conjures Him by his *Atthis'* sacred Name,
 By the dear Mem'ry of th' *Athenian* Dame,
 Conjures th' enamour'd *Wind* a VVretch to save,
 Now, now, just sinking in th' ingulphing VVave!

But, Ah ! No God his supplication heard,
Thus in the Anguish of his Soul pref.r'd !
Not Youth's beseeching Groans ; nor Cries of Love ;
No Pray'rs th' *inexorable Sisters* move !

His feeble Limbs no more direct his Course ;
The Billows rage with unresisted Force ;
His flaken'd Nerves their wonted Aid deny ;
In vain he rolls a deprecating Eye ;
For now the rushing VVind the Torch assails,
Not pious *Hero's* watchful care avails ;
Nor Torch, nor Lover the dire Blaste evade !
Both sink at once in Night's eternal Shade !

Mean time, aloft, the discontented Fair,
Ill-fated *Hero*, stands with anxious Care ;
Computes the tedious Minutes from the Tow'r
And finds he stay'd beyond th' appointed Hour ;
(The Light extinguish'd) 'midst foreboding Fears ;
She swels the VVinds with Sighs, the VVaves with Tears,
Vainly and oft she calls her much-lov'd Lord,
Beyond the Goddess, whom she serv'd, ador'd ;
(Full on her Face rude VVinds return her Moans—
Alas ! unheard 'midst Nature's louder Groans !)

Now with herself expostulates in Grief ;
 And hopes she knows not whence, or why, Relief !
 ' Perhaps, arriv'd on th' unknown Shore he strays,
 ' Perhaps, securely at *Abydos* stays !
 ' Deter'd by VVinds and a Tempestuous Night !
 ' Perhaps!— ah No ! he saw the treach'rous Light !
 ' Saw ! and wou'd venture—why did I accurst ?
 —Sudden she stops, and dares not think the *worst* !

At length she sees, with restless sorrows torn,
 Rising in Clouds, she sees th' ill-omen'd Morn !
 Now roll'd around, her eager Eyes explore
 The Rocks, the Beach, and distant-mazy Shore :
 —Fruitless her search !—Now, now she looks (in vain!)
 Yet, yet to find him struggling on the Main !

But, O ! too soon, as Chance directs her Eyes,
 The lovely, naked, breathless Corse she spies !
 Close at the *Basis* of the Tow'r he lay,
 Dash'd on the Rocks, and beaten by the spray ;
 Tost by the Buffets of the Waves to Shore ;
 —Now seen too soon, and overlook'd before !
 Grief, Rage, Distraction, Fury, and Despair
 With Soul-afflicting Horror seize the Fair !

Like the Prophetick *Pythian*, God-possess'd,
 She bounds, she raves, she smites her groaning Breast ;
 No soft allwaging Vent her sorrows find,
 Her red Eyes glare, expressive of her Mind !
 Madness congeals the Fountain of her Tears ;
 And Fate in her determin'd Looks appears !
 No Woman-Drops with mean complainings flow ;
 Ignoble Refuge of a vulgar VVoe !
 Oft as the dear pale Features struck her View,
 To cruel Heav'n unbending Looks she threw ;
 With wishful Eyes ran o're the well-known Face,
 And meditates in Death a last Embrace ;
 Then smiles severe—in scorn of Future Fate,
 And bids a while the mighty Spirit wait !
 ' Ye Gods ! she cries, nor yet *Leander's* lost !
 ' Thus, thus I catch my Husband's hovering Ghost !
 Straight rising with extatick Force to throw
 Her darting Body, aim'd at His, below ;
 Headlong she sprang from the Tow'rs fearful Height !
 And wing'd precipitate her downward Flight !

For lost *Leander* thus his *Hero* fell !
 None dy'd so greatly ! None e'er lov'd so well !
 She for the Youth, He perish'd for the Fair !
 Not Death divides the *Lovely Loving Pair* !

Like the Prophetick Python, God posses;
She bounds the raves, she furies her greening Breast;
No lost allwaying Vent her frowns and
Her red Eyes glare expulsive of her Mind;
Madness congeals the Fountain of her Tears;
And Fate in her determin'd Looks appears;
No Woman-Drops with mean complaining flow;
Ignoble Relage of a vulgar Woe!
Off as the dear pale Features struck her View,
To cruel Heav'n upbidding Looks she threw;
With wildish Eyes ran o'er the well-known Face,
And meditates in Death a last Embrace;
Then smiles severe—in scorn of Future Fate,
And bids a while the mighty Spirit wait!
Ye Gods! the cries, nor yet Lament's lost!
Thus, thus I catch my Husband's hovering Ghost!
Straight rising with extatick Force to throw
Her darling Body, aim'd at His below;
Headlong the spring from the Tower's fatal Height!
And wing'd precipitate her downward flight!
For lost Lament thus his Hero fell!
None cry'd so greatly! None extol'd so well!
She for the Youth, He perished for the Fair!
Not Death divides the Body, Loving Fair!

TRANSLATIONS

From Various GREEK

AUTHORS.

Anacreon, Sapho, Julian, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, Homer.

Nec si quid olim lussit Anacreon

*De levit Ætas. **** Anacreon !*

Qui persæpe cavâ Testudine flevit Amorem,

Non elaboratum ad Pedem. Horace.

By ***** Esq;



Dublin: Printed by Andrew Crooke, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, at the King's Arms

TRANSACTIONS

From Various CREEK

AUTHORS.

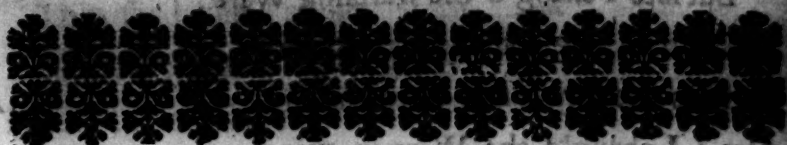
Anacreon, Sappho, Julian, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, Homer.

Non elaboratum ad Fidem. Horace.
Qui per se carum Testatur. Horace.
De Iove. Helios. **** Anacreon!
Nec si quid olim Iussit Anacreon.

By ***** ELP.



Printed by Andrew Green, Printer to the
Right Hon. Frederick Robinson, at the ...



TRANSLATIONS

From Various GREEK

AUTHORS.

Anacreon, Sapho, Julian, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, Homer.

By ***** Esq.

From ANACREON.

ODE.

Upon his Lyre.

THE * Sons of *Atreus* now I'll sing!
 Lo! now I'll sing the † Sons of *Jove*!
 In vain I strike the trembling String;
 My *Lyre* will Nothing sound, but Love.

* Agamemnon and Menelaus.

† Hercules and Cadmus.

But late I chang'd the warbling Wire,
 Switch'd to sing some loftier Strain,
 Such as the Brave and Great inspire.
 Alas ! I chang'd the Wire in vain !
 In vain resolv'd ! For all I found,
 But Love, my *Lyre* would Nothing Sound.

Hence, Fare-ye-well ! ye Great and Brave !
 Ye Sons of *Atræus* and of *Jove* !
 Hence, Fare-ye-well ! to Love a Slave,
 My *Lyre* shall Nothing sound but, Love !

O D * * E * * II.

Upon Woman.

Nature gives all Creatures Arms,
 Faithful Guards from Hostile Harms !
 Jaws, the *Lyon* to defend ;
 Horrid Jaws, that wide-distend !
 Horns, the *Bull*, resistless Force !
 Solid Hoofs, the gen'rous *Horse* ;
 Nimble Feet, the fearful *Hare* ;
 Wings, the *Bird*, to sail in Air ;
 Fins, the *Fish*, thro' Sea to roll ;
 Man, the Virtues of the Soul.

Thus she lavin'd all her Store,
What for *Woman* had the more?
Beauty to her Share did fall.
Beauty! the best Guard of All!
She that's Beauteous need not fear
Sword or Flame, or Shield or Spear,
Beauty better Aid affords,
Better far, than Flames or Swords!
Better far, than Spears or Shields!
—Ev'ry Pow'r to Beauty yields.

O D E III

Upon *Cupid*.

AS it happen'd on a Night,
Full of Rain! and void of Light!
Dismal Darkness! (VVhen, on High,
Ev'ry Star had left the Sky;
And below, by Sleep oppress'd,
Ev'ry Mortal gone to Rest)
Love stood knocking at my Door;
Love! to me unknown before.

Whence, and Who, so late at Night,
Words half-utter'd with Affright)
Dares, said I, such knocking keep?
Dares, disturb my downy Sleep? —
Little Cause have you to fear,
Whence we come, or Who we are;
(Love with subtlety replies.)
Only, pray-thee, Stranger, rise:
And some gentle Care employ,
On a little harmless Boy:
Drowning, VVand'ring all the Night,
Full of Rain! and void of Light!

Mov'd at what the *Urchin* said;
Easy Fool! I rose from Bed;
Lit a *Lamp*, and op'd the Door;
VWhere indeed a Boy I spy'd
VWings who on his Shoulders wore,
Bow and *Quiver* by his Side,
Ent'ring, I no more inquire,
But kindly place him by the Fire,
His little Hands, (so chill with Cold-)
In Mine to warm I fondly hold
His little Hairs, (so wet with Rain!)
I gently ring and dry again.

When

When strait reviving by my Cares,

When warm'd his Hands, and dry'd his Hairs:

' Friend, (said he) I fain wou'd know,

' How fares my *Dart*? how fares my *Bow*?

' If Proof against the VVet or no?—

' Friend! how fares my *Dart* and *Bow*!

He bent his *Bow*, He fixt his *Dart*,

And shot it full into my Heart;

Full! as the fiery Serpent stings.

Then sily-smiling out he springs.

' And now (said he) my Friend, I know,

' Safe is my *Dart*; safe is my *Bow*.

' Happy for Thee, cou'd'st Thou but say

' Thy Heart were half as safe, as They.

O D E IV.

Upon *Revel*.

ON softest Beds at Leisure laid,
Beds of *Lote*, and *Myrtle* made!

While the easy Hours I spend,

Love! my Festal shall attend,

Love! his Robe behind him bound,

Love! shall serve my *Coblet* round!

Swift, in this Terrestrial Sphere,
Turns the rapid Wheel of Life.
Swift, as speeding from the Bar,
Turns her Wheel the rapid Car.
Soon, my Friends, to cruel Death,
I alas ! must yield my Breath.
Soon dissolve (too soon, I must)
Turn'd to undistinguish'd Dust.

Do not then, when I am Dead,
Flow'rs or VVines or Odours shed.
Fruitless Love ! superfluous Care !
Spare me then what I can spare.
Rather, in these present Hours,
Bring your Odours, VVines, and Flow'rs.

Now, O Cupid, bind my Hair !
Summon, Now, the tender Fair !
That before I'm doom'd to go
To the Shades, that sport Below.
I may taste with Those, that live,
All the Sports, that Life can give.

O D E V.

Upon the same Subject.

SAY what Flow'r do you design
Grateful to the God of Wine?

Say what Flow'r, but *That*, can prove
Grateful to the God of Love?
Come then, Friends, with Roses crown'd
Come, and put the Goblet round,
Thus we'll laugh and thus we'll play,
Drink and Revel all the Day.

Of each lovely Flow'r that grows,
The most lovely is the *Rose*.
Lovely *Rose*! the Spring's Delight,
Nothing showing half so bright!
Lovely *Rose*! of Gods the Care,
Nothing seeing half so Fair.
Love himself, when he resorts
Where the Band of Graces sports,
And to join the Dance prepares,
Binds with *This* his golden Hairs.

Crown me then ; and with the *Lyre*
 Sweetly breathing soft Desire ;
 And the Fair, provoking Love ;
 Strait to *Bacchus' Fane* remove !
 There we'll Laugh, and there we'll Play,
 Drink and *Revel* all the Day.

ODE VII.

Upon *Cupid*.

LOVE met me lately all alone,
 And bad me in a threat'ning Tone ;
 ' Away, *Anacreon*, let us try,
 ' Who can run faster, You or I.
 Tho' Nought, that Day, his dang'rous Hand
 Arm'd but an *Hyacinthian Wand*,
 Yet to dispute his Pow'r afraid,
 Love with Reluctance I obey'd.
 So thro' the Streams and or'e the Vales,
 And up the Hills, and down the Dales,
 We ran. VVhen from a VVooddy Brake
 Out sprang a firy-venom'd *Snake* ;

And stung me (as I thought) to Death.
 For strait my Soul, in deadly Fright
 As with her last-expiring Breath,
 Flut'ring up-rose to take her Flight,
Cupid un-hop'd-for Succour brings,
 And gently fans me with his VVings,
 And mildly warns. " Thus caution'd, prove,
 " Hence-forth, more tractible to Love !

O D E IX.

Upon the *Carrier-Dove*.

TELL me, pray, my pretty *Dove* !
 Tell me, lovely *Scout of Love* !
 VVhence, and wither, dost Thou fly,
 Sweets-distilling, thro' the Sky ?
 VVhence, and whither, do'st thou go ?—
 Tell me, for I fain wou'd know.

Stranger, if thou fain wou'd'st know ;
 I to fair *Batbyllus* go,
 Charming Boy ! VVhole haughty Sway
 All Implicity obey.

To *Anacreon* I belong,
Giv'n by *Venus* for a * Song.
Hence I serve, a faithful *Deer*,
All his Embassies of Love.
VVho for * This, that here you see,
Gave his VVord to set me free.

But what Joy can that afford?
(Shou'd *Anacreon* keep his VVord!)

Here and There to roam at VVill,
Over Mead or over Hill
Or to perch in lonely VVood!
Trusting Chance for rustick Food?
VVhen I now am daily fed,
VVith my Master's purest Bread;
Daily in his Goblet join,
(Heav'nly Draught!) of purest VVine.
Feeding now perhaps I stand,
Gently-cooling, on his Hand.
Dinking now my VVings I spread,
Fondly-fluttering, or'e his Head
Or with downy Sleep possess,
On his *Lyre* repose to Rest.

Now Thou do'st my Business know;
 Whence I come, and whither go;
 Curious Stranger, speed thy Way! —
 Thou'st made me prate, like any Jay.

O D E XIV.

Upon *Cupid*.

VICTOR-LOVE! I yield, I yield!
 Thou hast fairly won the Field.

Thou, who oft hast vainly strove
 To persuade me (Victor-Love!)
 By the softest Terms to yield,
 Thou, by Force hast won the Field.

To the Battle Love did go,
 With his *Quiver* and his *Bow*.
 I my *Jav'lin*, I my *Shield*,
 Like a new *Achilles* wield.
 Furious, Love begins the Fight,
 Which I ward by subtle Flight.
 Love pursues with *Might* and *Main*,
 Shooting all his *Darts* in vain.

But at length in want of *Dart*,
 Shoots himself into my *Heart*,
 Yet insensible of *Flame*;
 And dissolves my vital *Frame*.
 Now my *Jav'lin*, now my *Shield*,
 All in vain, in vain I wield.
 Arms *without* must surely fail,
 When the Foes *within* prevail.

O D E XVI.

Upon Himself.

THE Wars of *Thebes* your *Muse* employ;
 His *Muse* the deathless Wars of *Troy*;

Vars of my own employ my *Muse*.

Vars! where I no Mercy meet!

Vars! where my Destroyers use,

Neither Horse nor Foot nor Fleet!

Nor any Arms to gain their Prize!

Not any Arms, but Those of Eyes!

(51)

ODE XX.

To his Mistress.

THransform'd to Stone thy * Daghter stands,
Dread *Tantalus*! on *Phygian* Lands.
And * Thine † a Bird, *Pandion*, flies
On sable *Pinions* thro' the Skies.

VVou'd Heav'n on the bestow the Grace,
O ever-lovely to behold!

The Glafs I'd be, that views thy Face;
The Vestments, that thy VVaste infold.

The Streams, in which thy Body Swims.

The Unguents, that anoint thy Limbs.

The Golden Bands, thy Breast that Deck.

The Pearly Chains, that clasp thy Neck.

Thy very Sandals I would be.

Tho' trod to Earth, so trod by Thee.

* Niobe.

* Progne.

† Swallow.

XX D E XXII

To *Barthylus*.

COME *Barthylus*, to this Shade
By close-mingling Branches made.

Branches sweet ! *VV*hole * tender Hair

Sport with ev'ry Breath of Air.

Nourish'd by fresh Streams below

Softly-murm'ring as they flow.——

*VV*ho, by Folly not betray'd,

*VV*ho wou'd fly to sweet a Shade?

O D E XXIII

Upon Gold.

HOARD up Gold ?——Had Gold the Pow'r
To with-hold the Fatal Hour :

Cou'd it that sad Hour withhold,

Gold I'd hoard, vast Sums of Gold.

(33)
That when *Death* on me should call,
Death the certain Doom of All!
I might (*Day* succeeding *Day*)
Purchase still a new Delay.
But since *Death* has up the Power
To withhold the fatal Hour.
Why should I in Fears and Pains
Spend what yet of Life remains?
Life! whose Length alone appears,
Truly worth my Pains and Fears.
No! — to please my mirthful Soul,
Give me the full-flowing Bowl.
Give me with some faithful Friend
What of Life remains, to spend.
Or on Beds of Softness laid
With some kind-complying Maid,
Joys, more Heav'nly yet, to prove:
True to thy Rites, fair Queen of Love.

O D E

(143)
ODE XXX.

Upon Cupid.

RUN-VVAY Love the *Muses* finding ;
And in Flow'ry Fetters binding ;
Strait their little Captiv'd Slave
To the Charge of Beauty gave.

Venus hearing Love was caught,
Mighty Gifts of Ransom brought ;
To redeem him from his Chain —
Mighty Gifts she brought in vain.

Cupid of his own Free-will,
Proffer'd Liberty refuses,
Chusing to live Captive still,
Slave of Beauty and the *Muses*.

O D E XXXIII.

To the Swallow.

HERE, gentle Swallow! Social Guest!
Duly each Year you build your Nest.

In which all Summer you remain
But Winter come, depart again.
And, fled to warmer Climes the While,
Lodge or near *Memphis* of the Nile,

Sweet Bird! How happy thou'd I be,
Would Love but come and go like Thee!
Who in my Heart, a constant Guest,
Builds all the Year nor quits his Nest.

Some in the Shell imprison'd lie,
Some newly-fledg'd begin to fly.
Some half-disclos'd, in doubtful Strife,
Press yet un-finish'd into Life.
My Breast with endless Noise is torn,
Of craving Loves incessant-born.
The full-grown Bird with tender Food
Careful supplies the Callow-Brood.

And soon the Callow-Brood full-grown,
Supplies another of her own.

A proper Ram'dy who can tell
So many Loves within me dwell ;
No Tongue their Number can declare !
No Heart, alas, their Burthen bear !

O D E XXXIV.

To his young Mistress.

WANTON in the Bloom of Years,
Poor *Anacreon* you despise,
Little Grace his snow-white Hairs
Gain him, Fair-one, in your Eyes.

Let not that affect your Mind :
Half so well no Mixture shows,
In the Wreaths our Temples bind ;
As when the *Lilly* joins the *Rose* !

ODE XXXV

Upon the Picture of *Jupiter* and *Europa*.

SURE that *Bull* we see is *Jove*,
To that Shape transform'd by Love!
Doom'd on his broad Back to bear,
Thro' the Sea, the *Tyrian* Fair,
And with his large Hoof divide
Foaming-round, the troubled Tide:
None but He of all the Herd,
None but He had ever dar'd,
Thro' that boundless Tract to rove;
Sure it can be None but *Jove*.

ODE XXXVI

Upon *Life*.

TEACH me not your Arts and Rules,
Empty Words of Bab'ling Schools!
What of Good to me imparts,
Your vain Talk of Rules and Arts?

Teach me rather to refine,
In the pleasing Rules of Wine!
Teach me rather to improve,
In the Golden Arts of Love.

Quick, e'er hasty Life take Wing,
Wine refresh'd with Water bring.
Bring the Heav'nly Mixture, Boy!
Grudge me not the short-liv'd Joy!
Destin'd soon to yield my Breath.
There's no Drinking after Death!

ODE XL.

Upon Cupid.

WANTON Cupid, as at Play
On a Bank of Flow'rs he lay;
By a little Bee was stung,
That about his Fingers clung;
Strait to Venus running, flying,
Raving sometimes, sometimes crying.
• Help, ah! Mother, help your Son,
• Help (he cry'd) or I'm undone.

Look

- ' Look how that audacious Thing,
 ' Has transfir'd me with his Sting.
 ' Thing I know not what to call.
 ' Winged Thing, as fierce as small.
 ' Winged Serpent, let me see---
 ' That the Rustics name a *Bee*.

Venus smiling on her Son;

Boy, (she said) if Thou'rt undone;

By so very small a Thing:

By so very slight a Sting:

What must be the Lover's Smart.

When thy Arrows pierce his Heart?

O D E XLV.

Upon Cupid's Arrows.

AS the † God of Manual Arts
 Wrought at *Lemnos*; forging Darts,
 Darts! the Cause of Am'rous Woe!
 Darts of Steel for *Cupid's* Bow!
 * *Love* in Honey dipt them all;
 But her wanton Son in Gall.

† Vulcan.

* Venus.

Hither, freed from War-Alarms,
Hither came, by fatal Chance,
Mars, the mighty God of Arms,
With his long-portended Lance.
Cupid's Darts with scornful Eyes
Viewing, haughtily he cries.

' This is flight, and that's a Toy—
' Those, perhaps, replies the Boy,
' But if I divine aright—
' Take it—This is not so slight.

Mars receives it—*Venus* smiles
At her Son's well-reason'd Wiles.

Mars, with sudden Pain posselt,

Sighing from his In-most Breast,

' *Cupid!* thou divine'st aright !

' This says he, is not so slight.

' Take it—, No! returns the Boy,

' Keep it *Mars*—'Tis but a Toy.—

ODE

ODE LXII.

An Epithalamium, on the Marriage of *Stratocles*.

YOU, the fairest Child of *Jove*,
Venus! Powerful Queen of Love!

Cupid! God of pleasing Strife!

Hymen! Guard of Happy Life!

You I call. Propitious prove!

Hymen! *Cupid*! Queen of Love!

Rise! too sleepy Boy arise!

Rise! and seize the lovely Prize!

E'er the *tim'rous Thing* take Flight;

Shameful of Intruding Light.

Rise! O Boy, by *Venus* blest!

Rise! and take her to thy Breast!

Clasp the Fair-one in thy Arms.

Fair-one! Full of Bloomy Charms.

Lively as in Genial Bow'rs,

Shines the Rose, the *Queen* of Flow'rs!

Lively thy *Myrilla* shows,

Mixt with Maids, of Maids the Rose!

Now

Now that *Phabus* from the Sky
Views thee, Boy, with envious Eye.
Rise! and feast thy ravish'd sight!
Rise! and taste the soft Delight!
So may They their Influence shed,
On the fruitful Marriage-Bed;
So may They propitious prove;
Hymen! Cupid! Queen of Love!

Two Fragments from *Sappho*.

I.

Upon two Favourite-Maids, of whom
she was Jealous.

To Love.

DIRE Love; whom Nothing can reclaim,
Ah me! dissolves my Vital Frame.
Dire Bird of Prey! more fierce than small;
And full of Honey mixt with Gall!
By Thee alone, bright *Athis*, mov'd,
(So Loving, late; and, still, so lov'd;)
Makes false *Andromeda* her Care!
And leaves poor *Sappho* to Despair.

II
Upon the Rose

WOU'D I see a *Queen* of Flow'rs decree,
The Rose the *Queen* of Flow'rs wou'd be.
The Blush of Meads! The Pride of Bow'rs!
The Grace of Plants! The Eye of Flow'rs.
The *Gods* themselves her Beauties move:
Fav'rite of *Venus*! Breath of Love!
What Flow'r is half so Charming found;
As when, with full-brown Tresses Crown'd,
The Rose in all her Bloom prevails!
And smiles on *Zephir's* gentle Gales!

From *Julian*.

In Imitation of *Anacreon*.

AS Roses in a Wreath I bound,
Love among the Flow'rs I found;
Seizing-fast this Foe of Mine;
And immersing-deep in Wine;
Strait in Hand I took the Cup;
Strait I drank the *Wanton* up.

Now the idle-flut'ring Guest,
Up and down my Bosom springs.
Teazing, tickling, without Rest,
With the Feathers of his Wings.

From *Theocritus*.

In Imitation of *Anacreon*.

Upon the Death of *Adonis*.

WHEN the *Queen* of soft Desire,
Saw the much-lov'd Boy expire;
Pale his Cheeks; Hairs stiff with Gore;
She bad her *Loves* go seek the Boar.

Straight the nimble-winged *Loves*,
Running, flying, search'd the Groves;
Straight the fatal Miscreant found;
And in thousand Fetters bound.
This before, with twisted Thong,
Drew th' unwieldy Brute along.
That behind with loosen'd Bow,
Lash'd him forward, lagging slow.
Slow he lag'd with Pensive Mein,
Much afraid of Beauty's Queen.

' Was it *Thou*, for ever curst!
 ' Worst of Beasts! of *Boars* the Worst!
 ' Was it *Thou*, that did'st destroy?
 ' *Thou*, did'st hurt my Fav'rite-Boy?
 Full of Grief the *Goddeſs* cry'd—
 Full of Grief the *Boar* reply'd.
 ' Lowly-bending at thy Knee;
 ' By thy Fav'rite and by Thee;
 ' Theſe thy Fetters which I wear;
 ' Theſe thy Sportive Loves; I ſwear:
 ' Never once thy Fav'rite-Boy,
 ' Thought I, *Venus*, to deſtroy!
 ' True—when Naked to the Sight,
 ' I *Adonis*' Thigh behold;
 ' Thigh! as poliſh'd Iv'ry White!
 ' Thigh! that Iv'ry far excell'd!
 ' And, in Transport of Deſire,
 ' Kiſs'd perhaps with too much Fire—
 ' That did hurt thy Fav'rite-Boy;
 ' That did him and me deſtroy.
 ' Take theſe Tuſks then, *Fair*, take;
 ' Take and puniſh for his Sake;
 ' Tuſks! to me that hateful prov'd
 ' Tuſks! that murder what they love!
 ' Or, if meaſur'd by th' Offence,
 ' Thou with Theſe wilt not diſpence.

- If these Victims be too small,
- Take, O *Venus*, Lips withal.

Venus pitying his Pains,
 Bad her Loves release his Chains.
 He, releas'd, ne'er seeks the Groves ;
 But attending, midst the Loves ;
 Climbs, self-mov'd, the Fun'ral Pyre,
 And burns the † Lovers in the Fire.

From *Bion*.

IDYLLIUM II.

A Boy late fowling in a Shady Grove
 Pearch'd on a Box discovers Run'way Love.
 The painted Bird with Transport he descries ;
 (For Love appear'd a Bird of wond'rous Size)
 And joyns his † Reeds : which Love, in wanton Play,
 Now here, now there, evades from Spray, to Spray.
 Inrag'd the Boy, (his Labour fruitless found)
 His useless Reeds dash'd furious on the Ground.
 And to the Grove an ancient Rustie brought ;
 By whom the guileful Art he had been taught.

† His Tusks.

† An Ancient Fowling-Rod, made of Reeds:

Told him how he had lost the charming Prize!
 And mark'd him where he sat with wishful Eyes.
 The good old Fowler shook his hoary Head,
 And to his thoughtless Scholar smiling said,
 ' Pursue him not, but fly thy self away!
 ' This Bird, assure thee, is a Bird of Prey.
 ' Secure in Youth, avoid him while you can.
 ' Trust me, my Boy, once you arrive at Man;
 ' He of himself, the Bird that lately fled,
 ' Shall freely, light and perch upon your Head,

From *Moschus*.

IDYLLIUM I.

LOVE from his *Mother-Goddes* gone astray;
 Thus loud she cried her wanton Run-a-way,
 ' Who shall conduct me to the vagrant Boy;
 ' A Kiss shall have, Replete of Heav'nly Joy,
 ' Who to my Arms the Vagrant shall restore;
 ' Shall have as sweet a Kiss, and something more—
 ' You can't mistake him once his Marks are shown.
 ' This Boy among a Thousand may be known,
 ' Not white his Body, but resembling Fire.
 ' And his Eyes ever-flaming with Desire.

• At constant Variance are his Tongue and Mind;
• His Thoughts deceitful, as his Speeches kind;
• Words sweet as Honey from his Lips distill,
• His glibful Heart the better to conceal;
• Where cruel Malice lurks in fair Disguise,
• Spightful as Treach'rous! Full of Wiles as Lies!
• Soft, curly Locks his wanton Forehead grace;
• And add uncommon Archness to his Face.
• His Hands, tho' small, far, wond'rous far, can throw
• Far! as th' Infernal King that rules below!
• A little Bow and little Dart he bears;
• Little! yet large enough to pierce the Spheres!
• A Golden Quiver on his Shoulder sounds:
• And full of Shafts, with which ev'n Me he wounds!
• No Shaft but is most fatal; no! not one!
• But most his Torch; that fires the very Sun.
• Of Body Naked! Fraudulent of Mind!
• Swift as a Bird, and Faithless as the Wind!
• Now here, now there, he takes his nimble Flights,
• To Nymphs or Swains; and on their Hearts alights.
• If this my Run-a-way you chance to find;
• Show him no Pity, but in Fetters bind.
• Nor tho' he feign to weep, or feign to smile;
• Let This, or That, your easy Faith beguile.
• With Kisses would he bribe, refuse them All!
• The Lips of Love are fraught with venom'd Gall.

• Would

Would he resign his Arms, ev'n Those disclaim;
The Gifts of Love are ting'd with subtle Flame.

From Hemor.

The SONG of Demodocus.

THE Strings by Turns the skillful *Lyrist* moves,
By Turns he modules *Mars'* and *Venus' Love*.
As † how the *God* obtain'd the soft Delight,
And how the *Goddess* stain'd the Nuptial-Rite,
Till He, the Pow'r that gilds the Lofty Sky,
The long-look'd Pleasure view'd with envious Eye;
(The far-effulgent *Sun*, that all Things views)
And to the Jealous Husband bore the News.

The gloomy *God*, with Grief and Rage possess'd,
Revenge deep ponders in his anxious Breast.
Strait to his Forge, in vengeful Haste he hies,
Strait with the Sledge the labour'd Anvil plies;
And frames a Net-work of such curious Make,
As neither Art could loose, nor Strength could break;
And yet compacted of such subtle Parts,
It seem'd the Product of *Arachnean Arts*.

† By Bribes.

This

(90)
This guileful Snare (the Lovers to surprize)
Too fine for Mortal or Immortal Eyes;
In Folds unseen, laborious *Vulcan* spread,
Above, Below, Around the conscious Bed:
Then (as he feign'd) to *Lemnos* he remov'd.
Lemnos! of all his Courts the best-below'd!

His well-dissembled *March*, the *God of War*
With watchful Eyes discovers from afar.
And eager to relieve his am'rous Pains,
Flies to the Vacant Dome with flowing Reins.

Scarce had he enter'd ; when the Queen of *Love*
(Sped from the Courts of All-effecting *Jove*)
Descended fresh with new-recruited Charms ;
To whom, All-Rapture, thus the *God of Arms*.

' Come, Love! the fair Occasion let us seize!
(Her Hand soft-moulding with a tender Squeeze)
' Come, Love! In Bliss the happy Hour imploy.
' E'er thy dull *God* disturb the well-reap'd Joy.
' Who those dear Arms for barb'rous *Sintians* flies
' Who quits for *Lemnian* Fires those brighter Eyes

The *Goddess* melts. For with persuasive Art
The soothing Accents stole upon her Heart.

And

And to the Genial Bow'r the *God* convey'd—
Down drop'd the Toils by careful *Vulcan* laid;
And held them fast unable to remove;
Doubly-incumber'd in the Bonds of Love! —

Th' officious *Sun* perceiv'd the Lovers caught,
And to the Scene of Guilt grim *Vulcan* brought.
Frantic the *God* survey'd the twining Pair;
(Alas! what Husband such a Sight cou'd bear?)
Fill'd the wide-vaulted Heav'n's with horrid Cries;
And summon'd all his *Brothers* of the Skies.

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‘ Draw near, ye *Gods*! ye *Gods*! draw near (he said)
‘ View there the foul Dishonour of my Bed!
‘ View there th’ Eternal Scandal of my Life!
‘ Thy Daughter, *Jove*! and my Lascivious Wife!
‘ Lo! where with *Mars* she lies—Ah! curst Embrace!
‘ *Mars* has her Love, and *Vulcan* her Disgrace,
‘ For *Mars* is Lovely-born, and *Vulcan* Lame.
‘ The happier he— But *Gods*— am I to blame?
‘ If his streight Limbs with statelier Beauties shine;
‘ Condemn my Parents—’tis no Fault of mine.
‘ But let them now possess their boasted Charms:
‘ Now let them clasp, close-folded, Arms in Arms:
‘ For once, tho’ to the other each so dear,
‘ For once, perhaps, they’ll find themselves too near.

! Strive

* Strive to get free they may — but strive in vain.
 * For never shall this Hand unloose that Chain.
 * Never ! till *Jove* repay the precious Dow'r,
 * † Giv'n for his Daughter in a luckless Hour ;
 * E'er yet our Hands in Marriage-Bonds were Join'd.
 * His Daughter ! Fair of Face, but False of Mind !

He said. *Meantime*, the *Gods* in Numbers come,
 Divine-Assemblage ! to the Brazen Dome,
 By *Vulcan* rouz'd ; Desirous of the fight.
 With These the † God whom prudent Arts delight ;
 And † He, whose Hand deals deadly Shafts around ;
 And * He, whose Trident shakes the solid Ground.
 But for the *Goddesses*, they stay'd behind.
 Such Prospects ill-became the Female-Kind —

The *Gods* stood round. And some on *Venus* smil'd ;
 Some laugh'd to see the *God of War* beguil'd ;
 Some *Vulcan* prais'd. ' The *Slow*, the *Swift* out-
 (speeds.

* Sure Punishment awaits nefarious Deeds !
 * For Fleetness fam'd, in these Supreme Abodes,
 * *Mars* (as they cry'd) is Forge-most of the *Gods*.

† Happy Days, when Husbands bought their Wives —
 † Mercury. † Apollo. † Neptune.

Yet, (doom'd the *Mult* of Lawless Love to pay)
First *Mars* to tardy *Vulcan* now gives Way:

To *Hermes* then the *God of Day* began.

Say, Messenger of good Events to Man!

Wou'd'st Thou, like *Mars*, to reap those Heav'nly
(Charms,

Wou'd'st Thou, be bound in Golden *Venus*' Arms.

Ah! yes, fair Son of *Jove*! (the Youth reply'd)

With Chains on Chains inextricably-tied;

Tho' all *Olympus* were one common Eye;

Tho' all your *Gods*, your *Goddesses* stood by;

Like happy *Mars*, to reap those Heav'nly Charms,

I wou'd be bound in Golden *Venus*' Arms.

He spoke. Loud Peals of Laughter shake the
(Skies.

When thus to *Vulcan*, *Neptune* mild applies.

At length 'tis Time to close the shameful Scene.

Enough hast Thou indulg'd thy lawful Spleen.

Deliver *Mars* from these inglorious Bands.

My self shall see thee paid the full Demands.

To whom thus *Vulcan*. 'Urge us not too far!

How can we trust that treach'rous *God of War*?

Shou'd we unloose him, *God*, at thy Request;

Where lies our Surety? — In that faithless Breast?

(94)
' For That (again th' Indulgent Bow's reply'd)
' If not in him, at least in me confide.
' At my Request the Warlike God unpos'd
' Neptune shall pay the Muſe, if Mars refuse.
' 'Tis Thine (re-answers *Vulcan*) to command;
And to the Net applies his skillful Hand.

To *Thracian Hills* the God of War removes;
The Laughter-loving Dame to *Paphian Groves*;
Where num'rous Slaves her pleasing Pow'r invoke.
And num'rous Altars rich in Odours smoke.
Round their disorder'd Queen, in wonted State,
The *Graces*, her assiduous Hand-maids wait;
Her wearied Limbs refresh with Heav'nly Show'rs;
Ambrosial Sweets! that bath Immortal Pow'rs.
Then Cloath her, glorious in her Robes Divine;
And give, in her full Blaze of Charms to shine.

So to his Lyre, the Bard attun'd his Song:
And fill'd with Ravishment the list'ning Throng:

F I N I S.